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IN THE VALLEY of
the MERRIMACK

By JULIA NOYES STICKNEY

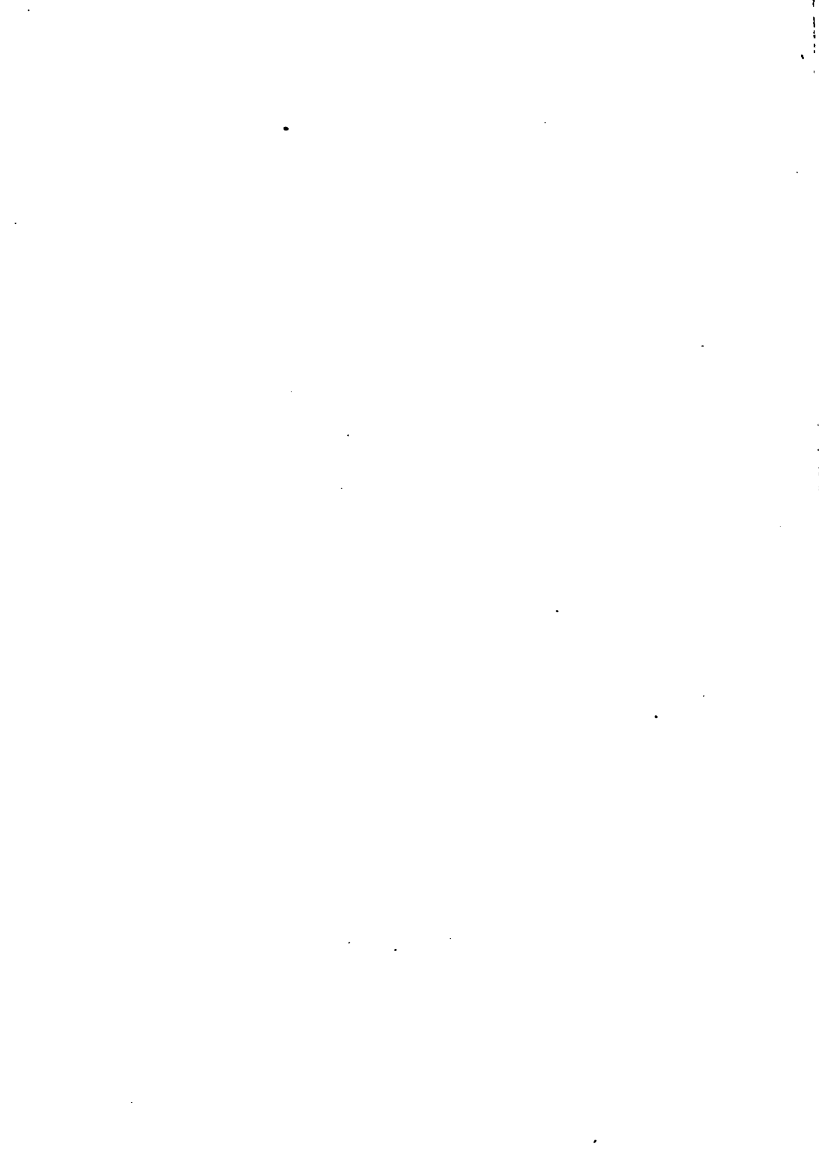
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- Poetry

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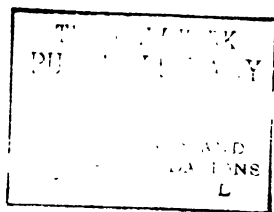
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IN THE VALLEY
of
THE MERRIMACK





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BY
JULIA NOYES STICKNEY

Author of

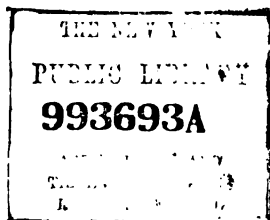
"Poems on Lake Winnepesaukee"



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BY
JULIA NOYES STICKNEY

BEAUTY.

Prelude.

The spirit sees the flowers of beauty,
In this cold earth-land blossoming
To light the shadowy path of duty,
Till the celestial warblers sing
Of the eternal spring.

Beauty, the web for poet's weaving,
Heroic forms that joy can borrow,—
Visions of light, earth's woes retrieving,
Nature's sweetest rest from sorrow
Picturing a tranquil morrow.

Blue skies and sights of sunset splendor,
Rainbows, the children of the light,
When lightning clouds their darts surrender
Above the violet mountains' height,
Long ere the stars shine bright.

Flowers in the early spring-time growing,
The rose of June, the lily's throne,
The crystals from the winter-snowing,
The mosses in the forest growing—
These are not thine, alone!

The smiles of love, the tones of blessing,
Compassion's tears that angels weep,
And gentle childhood's fond caressing,—
These make the tangled pathway free,
And light the stormy sea.

Thus by the earth, the air, the ocean,
By morning's ray or star-lit night,
For woman's heart and man's devotion,
Beauty, Heaven's gift to mortal sight,
This dim, dream-world will light.

MUSINGS BY THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

My own fair Merrimack, once more,
I stand upon thy lovely shore,
Where oft in childhood I have played,
And where my youthful feet have strayed;
Here as I trod this winding track,
Yon hills my gladness echoed back,
O then, this simple lay shall be,
My own sweet Merrimack, to thee.

Oft when the morning star grew pale,
When darkness fled from hill and vale,
And with soft tints of rosy dye,
Aurora tinged her eastern sky,
Then all her gorgeous shades unrolled
And bathed the hills with floods of gold,

With lingering gaze I loved the best
To watch the sunrise from thy breast,
And mark the morning's fairest beam
Upon my own, my native stream.

When summer winds breathed soft and low,
How silent was thy silver flow,
When every bark whose snowy sail,
Had paused to woo the lingering gale,
And every form that nature wore,
Upon thy green and hill-bound shore,
And every hue that beauty gave
Was painted on thy crystal wave.

As onward rolled the car of day,
How oft my eyes to thee would stray,
To see each shade that crossed the sky
Reflected on thy bosom lie:
When skies were clear as hyaline
Thy waters caught the airs divine;
When clear, cool breezes swept thy shore,
The deepest blue thy bosom wore
All spangled o'er with sparkling light
And rippling waves of silver-white.

Here have I marked when day was done
The glory of the sinking sun,
As the celestial light it gave
Was mirrored in thy golden wave,
And now, fair Merrimack, once more
I watch the sunset from thy shore.

O who can paint the gorgeous dyes
That gild the crimson-tinted skies,
Or who can trace the faintest beam
That sparkles in thy purple stream!
I gaze, enchanted, till the glows
Change into tints of softest rose
Which, gently dying, fade away
Into a hue of blue and gray:
So sinks the day to peaceful rest;
So pales the glory on thy breast;
So draw the shades of evening nigh,
Till twilight shuts her tranquil eye,
And while great nature slumbers still,
The rising moon illumines the hill.

Now faithful memory comes, arrayed
In varying tints of light and shade,
But soon she asks in spirit-tone,
Where are the friends so late thine own—
Here on this spot ye often met
And wandered ere the dews were wet,—
No more resounds your careless play,
The missed, the loved ones, where are they?

I know that some far distant roam,
Lone exiles from our own dear home;
I know that some are mourning now,
With quivering heart and burning brow:
Some, early-called, the fair, the brave
Lie near us in the silent grave;

Together shall we roam no more
Upon this dear, delightful shore,
Here at still twilight did we meet
To roam these paths with tireless feet,
Till silence brought from realms afar
The angels of the Evening Star.

Sweet river, as I leave thee now,
The breezes bathe my burning brow,
And spirit-voices, softly clear,
Fall gently on my listening ear;
The whispering pines, thy murmuring sigh,
Are telling that I, too, must die,
But when the angels call for me,
My longing eyes would turn to thee,
To see the earth's expiring beam
Upon my own, my native stream,
Dear river of my youthful dream.

WHERE TALL TREES WAVE.

My heart is beating wild and high,
While winter lights the crystal sky;
Stern ice-king, fly to foreign lands
With all thy glittering warrior bands,
Nor let the sounding tempest rave
Where tall trees wave.

October's painted leaflets fell
And bared the boughs by dale and dell,

Storm-swept November, hurrying past,
Softened her swelling organ-blast,
And sighed, like sound through isle and nave,
Where tall trees wave.

Then all the scenes of fleeting bliss
That light a shadowy vale like this,
And all the songs in gladness sung,
By love's sweet tongue when life was young,
Haunted in dreams, the forest-grave,
Where tall trees wave.

Ah, then, upon the first fair morn,
When cold, wild winter storms are gone,
My heart shall haste beyond the hills
To bound like light across the rills,
And the sweet sod with soft tears lave
Where tall trees wave.

There let me seek that loveliest sod,
Ere nurtured by the breath of God,
And lingering long, the sunlight trace,
Of smiles that years cannot efface:
Grief shall not meet me by the grave
Where tall trees wave.

O isle of light, O land of peace,
O spot where earthly sorrows cease:
Come dreams of youth in gentle trance,
Bring back the joys of old romance,—
Haste, let me fly by field and cave,
Where tall trees wave.

Let fond hands fling the violet sweet
To deck the spot where spirits meet;
Let lily bells in joy be swung,
In memory of that silver tongue
That to mute earth its silence gave,
Where tall trees wave.

There shall the lone dove pause and rest
With rainbow colors on her breast,
There shall the blue-bird light the land,
When breathe the summer breezes bland,
And wake the joys that nature gave,
Where tall trees wave.

There shall the joyous oriole sing
Her carols to the lingering spring,
There shall the robin-red-breast pour
Lays that have charmed the cottage door,
Far from the solitary grave
Where tall trees wave.

There shall the clouds go sailing by
When storms have cleared the sapphire sky,
And changing shadows fall at noon,
To cool the breath of latest June,
When ardent suns the chariot drive,
Where tall trees wave.

Let roses of the summer pour
Their perfume o'er the balmy shore,

Let gentians deck the sacred spot,
And the much-loved forget-me-not,
Blue as the hue that heaven gave,
Where tall trees wave.

There shall the rainbow shades unroll,
When diamond drops enchant the soul,
Exhaled like tears that lovers shed
Above the unforgotten dead,
By many a violet sprinkled grave,
Where tall trees wave.

There shall young Dian early rise,
To light this lonely paradise,
Until, full-orbed her light shall shine,
Transfiguring earth, like love divine,
Before was seen, the silent grave,
Where tall trees wave.

Italian skies and south sea air
Nurture no vale so fancy-fair;
The realms of earth by land and sea,
Alike shall be in love to me,
Save that one shrine, the emerald grave,
Where tall trees wave.

A vision all my being thrills,
Delectable as Bunyan's hills;
A music from celestial spheres
Sounds o'er my past and future years,—
Echoes of songs that angels gave,
Where tall trees wave.

The vision opens wide the view,—
Rolls back the tide of life anew,
Traced on the firmament above,
Of those who lived and died for love,
Whose gate to bliss was some green grave,
Where tall trees wave.

Those notes—the melodies of bars,
Echoed by songs of morning stars,
To earth, prophetic of the time,
Before the immortal spirit-chime
Resounded round the first calm grave,
Where tall trees wave.

For love began in seraph bowers,
Before the storied Eden-hours,
When god-like types of human bliss
Wandered in lands more fair than this,
Or saw the shadow of a grave,
Where tall trees wave.

And one refulgent fountain-stream
Can hold this love in its first dream,—
O living tide—enchanting sweet—
Well-spring of life and joy complete,—
O memory, angel of the grave,
Where tall trees wave!

Our life is dear and glad the sun
Before the race of youth is run,

Before the noon-day lightning spark,
Before the starless midnight dark,
But O, how dearer far, the grave,
Where tall trees wave.

For after storms, how spirit-strange,
Time all our woes to joys can change,
The Angel of the Covenant saith,
O precious death—how great is death—
What treasure lies within the grave,
Where tall trees wave!

Then strike anew the living wires
In tune with the celestial choirs,
And let imagination roll
A pæan for each human soul,
Moving from birth-time to the grave,
Where tall trees wave.

O memory, centre of the soul,
King of the race and final goal;
Promethean spark, struck by the strife,
That keeps us in immortal life,
The resurrection from the grave,
Where tall trees wave.

No more farewells all saintly sweet,
Echo where earth and heaven meet;
Life's tears, upborne to higher air,
Turn to unfading rainbows fair,
From seraph lands, to each low grave,
Where tall trees wave.

APOSTROPHE TO THE BLUEBIRD, SYM- BOL OF THE CELESTIAL.

The golden lights were shaded,
The misty sun shone darkling,
And all my landscape faded,
Where late the stream flowed sparkling,
And the gray clouds veiled the azure,
That paints heaven's anchway dome,
When thou like a spirit-treasure
Didst come from thy heavenly home,
Waif of the unfading spring,
Thou fair, celestial thing,
Blue-Bird.

Tell me what gem-paved regions,
Clear, lapis-lazuline,
Untold in fairy legends,
Sent forth a form like thine!
The wide blue sea shines duller,
The clear sky fades away,
And the sapphire's quivering color
Pales fast, like the cold moon-ray,
When thy wild-wing wakes the day,
Blue-Bird.

For thou through the ether rushing,
Hast gazed on the fields above,
In a fount cerulean, gushing,
That the hearts of the hare-bells love,

Then down to the dark earth darting,
When the sombre storm draws nigh,
Hast come to my soul, imparting,
A dream from the home on high,
A sight of the blessed sky,
Blue-Bird.

Or comes thy hue from the blending
Of the soul of all things there,
From the sun's fire-fount descending,
Through the path of the living air,
A softened lustre lending
To Italy, the fair,—
From the painted barks slow tending,
Past bright Venetia's sapphire stream,
And Araby, the poet's dream;
From the zone where the birds resplendent
Illume the tropic lands,
Where the purple night, transcendent,
Darkens Egyptian sands,
Where the stars, mysterious, gleam;
From the Mediterranean islands
And the storied Grecian shores,
Where on the sea-girt highlands
The sun of glory pours,
And fair Diana's bands
Bathe by the golden strands,
With sea-flowers in their hands,
Bright as thy azure wing,
Thou ocean-lighted thing,
Blue-Bird.

Comest thou from Arctic mountains,
Whose throne the ice-king gave,
By the frozen rainbow fountains
That light the far-off wave,
That unseen polar wave,
On the lone, untrodden shore,
Dream of the dauntless brave,
Whom England sent before,
Who sails the seas no more,
Whose spirit haunts the deep
Beside the silent steep,
And lights the ambient air,
With dust of diamonds fair,—
Dream of the living brave
That God and nature gave,
From the long polar nights
Back to New England's heights,
With many a trophy won,
Beneath the midnight sun,
Where violet hues enshrine
A vision, all divine,
With living light like thine,
Blue-Bird!

Or did that bright plume glowing,
Come from the shades that make
Beauteous, the waters flowing
In Winnepesaukee Lake,
Where the hyacinthine splendor
Of spring's imperial bloom
Pales, when the summer's tender
Ethereal skies illumine

Bowers, where unnumbered lilies pour
Their balmy breath far o'er the shore,
Till a dream of bright September
Colors the lake elysian,
Till the crimson-hued November,
Brings back the entrancing vision
Of autumn moons on shining waters
To the eyes of beauty's daughters,
By the isles where Undine slumbers,
Lulled by low, æolian numbers,—
There didst thou, bird enchanted,
Dart o'er the azure shrine,
And gather, beauty-haunted,
Beneath the hyaline,
That wave-lit hue of thine,
Blue-Bird!

When Liberty, slow-sailing,
Far o'er the Atlantic's roar,
Wide-spread Columbia hailing
On the dark December shore,
The will of Heaven fore-knowing,
The listening seraphs told,—
Saw the tide of freedom flowing
To the sunset gates of gold—
Saw the glorious ensign blowing,
For Liberty unrolled,
The shield wherein the stars were set,
By storm and blood of battle wet

Beamed not so bright as thine
With hue of love divine,
Type of the unsullied shrine,
Blue-Bird.

When the hovering clouds are riven,
And the morning shines once more,
With the blue that symbols heaven
Upon this earthly shore,
When the lily-bells are glistening,
With the tears of the star-lit night,
And my soul, transported, listening,
Shall watch thy spirit flight,—
Take back from the stormy strand,
Take back to the seraph-band,
A prayer for my native land,
Thou pure, ethereal thing,
With heaven upon thy wing,
Blue-Bird!

THE SORROW OF THE FLOWERS.

I wandered out one glad May morn;
High in the east the sun was glowing.
Enkindling hill and vale and lawn,
Where breezes of the spring were blowing;
No cloud was in the clear, blue sky,
Unnumbered merry birds were singing,
And their enchanting melodies
In my delighted ears were ringing.

I traced a little streamlet fair
That down the hills and fields was dancing,
Now smiling 'neath the tall trees there,
Then shining where the sun was glancing,
Now pausing in a shadowy cove,
Where slumbering waters clear were glowing,
Then rushing with a bound of love
To where the Merrimack is flowing.

And all along the winding way
On banks where beamed the sun the brightest,
Were flowers that shone like stars of day,
With golden eyes and petals whitest:
I plucked them fast with tender care,
And clasped the treasures I was gaining,
Then looked upon the blossoms fair,
And lo, their blood my hand was staining.

O gentle flowers, that ye can mourn,
Say, was my blood-stained hand, the token,—
When ye were from the wild-wood torn
I fear your tender hearts were broken.
Ah, yes! that home, that woodland home
Where ye in sunshine warm were growing,
Till near my footstep chanced to roam,—
For that fair spot your blood was flowing.

* * * * *

Their hearts are bleeding far away
From where the morning sun shines brightly,
Where breezes wander all the day,
And gentle dews are falling nightly:

I strive their drooping forms to cheer,
Their smiles sweet gratitude betoken,
And they will live to bless me here,
While yet their bleeding hearts are broken.

BROAD ARE MY LANDS.

Broad are my lands, for all the earth is mine,
The living air, the azure dome above,
The emerald forest and the lonely shrine,
From mountain-top to the far border line,
That veils the realms of light and life and love.

The morn is mine, from its first diamond glow,
When stars shine pale and Luna slumbers blest
Upon Hesperian fields of verdure low,
Till glad Aurora wakes the world from rest,
With roseate ray, like Monte Rosa's snow.

The noon is mine, when from the zenith glows
The sun, resplendent on his golden throne,
When zephyr o'er the stream a soft spell throws,
And bears the breath of lily and of rose,
To cheer the wild bird on her nest alone.

The sunset hour is mine, when rivers shine
With pure gem-light, borrowed from every
strand,
When summer evening, calm, transcendent fine,
Borrows the colors, far-off and divine,
That light the pearl-gates of the spirit land.

The night is mine when mortals slumber still,
Save poet-seer, and sons of pain and strife,
Whose souls, the dreams of those pearl portals fill
With hopes, that from the woes of earth distill
The pure elixir of immortal life.

Nature is mine, upon the sapphire lea,
Or in the heart of cataract-lighted woods,
Or where the purple highlands guard the lea,
And smiling vale, from northern tempest free,
Or in the thunder-echoing solitudes,

The homes of men are mine, where love is kind,
Where children smile and pictures light the
walls
Almost as fair as those again outlined
When memory, vanished youth, in joy recalls
To gaze on her enchanted vision-halls.

And hope is mine that in some glorious' hour,
Beyond the broad, cerulean sea of time,
My rapturous spirit filled with rising power
Shall hear the bells of heaven their welcome chime
From mountain tops of that supernal clime!

THE WHITE DOVE; THE COMFORTER.

The Robin pours his lay
To the departing day,
The sparrow chirps around the door-way green,
The oriole o'er our shores
Her song to beauty pours,
The blue-bird lights the land with azure-tinted
sheen.

The bright-winged birds of ours,
In dear New England bowers,
Awake the morn while yet the stars shine clear,
And warblers, hastening past,
Their rapturous hymn-notes cast
Upon the listening air of our own planet sphere.

The humming-bird, most fair
Of all that lights the air,
Shines iridescent o'er the honeyed flowers,
And every bird that sings
Or sports his iris-wings
Seeks the sweet air and arborescent bowers.

What shade of my last May
Haunts my sad soul to-day,
Bird of all seasons on our native shore,
Thou dost not fear the snow,
When boreal breezes blow,
Then do not fly from me, though I can smile no
more.

Thou art the pure white Dove,
Emblem of heavenly love,
That leaves the sunshine for this region still,
That seeks the silent shade
By my lone shadow made
While other birds have flown, exulting, o'er the
hill.

Thou art the bird of peace
To soothe, till sorrows cease,
When earthly rapture seems a heavenly dream;
Come to my soul this day,
Bird of love's vanished May,
Inspire the songs of old and light the fading
gleam.

Come then, white Dove, O stay
And fill my lonely way
With inspiration from the tranquil sky;
Dove of the spirit, rest,
And fill my waiting breast
With thoughts of bended knee and upturned eye.

While hope with banner rent
Has fled in banishment,
While love lies pouring out her bleeding heart,
While power no more can stay
And youth has fled for aye,
Come type of peace serene, and leave me not
apart.

Then shall my folded hands
Be touched by angel-bands
Whose voices speak in dreams of heavenly bliss,
Where not a care, nor pain
Can break the spirit-chain
That binds the earthly sphere to brighter worlds
than this.

COMPENSATION.

I never trod a spot so bare
Where living nature blessed the sod,
But some small flower, half-hidden there,
Exhaled the fragrant breath of God.

I never knew a day so drear,
But on its leaden sky was hung
Some shadow of a rainbow clear,
From vanished joy in farewell flung.

I never sat where silence kept
My soul from loving friends afar
But angel-wings the ether swept
Between me and the evening star ;

And never in the keenest pain
When night looks down on anguish wild,
Can "O my Father," rise, in vain
From the lone spirit of his child.

HEAVENLY MANNA.

The wild winds had silenced their wailing,
The storm-pulse beat slowly and slight,
And fancy and hope, unavailing
Had sought to illumine the night :

The hours of my slumber were wasted,
Disquiet my bosom oppressed,
Till in visions of morning I tasted,
The nectarine fruit of the blest.

As freely I ate of the manna
That nourished the chosen of old,
I heard the soft song of hosanna,
As far from the star-depths it rolled.

I entered the portals Elysian,
And gazed on the regions above ;
Undaunted, undazzled, my vision,
By rays from the mountain of love.

No pencil can shadow the glowing
Of the crystalline, opaline ray
Diffused from the fount that is flowing
In the beautiful land of the day.

And the friends of my love, the departed,
My hands in soft tenderness pressed
And led me, restored and strong-hearted
To the mansions of glory and rest.

And they told me that beauty supernal
Springs fresh from the heart of the flowers
As onward, with progress eternal
They journey, through balm-breathing bowers,

Lands where the Good Shepherd was leading
O'er pastures of rest and delight,
And when his own flock he was feeding,
He fed me, and blessed me that night.

And the earth-mist, the tears of my sorrow,
Exhaled by the Sun of the Spheres,
Made rainbows that lighted the morrow
O'er the mountains that bounded my years.

I awoke and the west wind was blowing,
The gales had forgotten their strife,
And the Merrimack's waters were flowing
Like the pearl-tinted River of Life.

And my soul had forgotten her sadness,
Though short was the hour of my rest,
For the vision fore-shadowed the gladness
That blooms in the land of the blest.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Great Spirit, calm my soul to rest
And I no more will roam;
I would not lose that angel-guest,
Then while I live I shall be blest
Here on the earth, my home—

A thousand blessings cheer the day,
And make my pathway clear;
While memory to the past can stray
The light of love illumines the way,
Back to my earliest year.

Farewell, sweet, unforgotten years,
How bright life's journey seems;
The sighs, the smiles, the joys, the tears,
While on I haste to unknown spheres
Beyond these earthly dreams.

If slumber flies I will rejoice
That comfort with me stays,
While listening to the peaceful Voice
That quells the world's discordant noise,
Amidst these lonely ways.

When pains o'erpower my weary breath,
And waste my faltering will,
I'll fear not the dark angel, death,
But lean upon my Guide, who saith,
"I will be with thee still."

And when at last my eyelids close,
After the last farewell,
I'll give my body to repose,
And my free soul to One who knows
Where our rapt spirits dwell.

THE ROSE OF OCTOBER.

Before the glorious days are o'er
That gem the season of delights,
See how late summer gilds the shore,
And paints the scene from Groveland Heights.

How fair the river flows along,
How gently wave the autumn trees;
October sings its choral song,
Its anthem swells the rising breeze.

I bade the fading flowers farewell,
When came the frost from northern heights,
But on this morn a glory fell
That rival'd spring's supreme delights.

Beneath my humblest window bloomed
A royal rose, carnation fair;
Its beauty all my land illumed,
Its soul of fragrance filled the air.

Returning summer breathed in love,
When soft suns gazed in gladness bright;
The harvest moon from heaven above,
Illumed the rose with golden light.

The rainbow o'er the orient skies
An aureole to beauty flung,
When shades of glad, mysterious dyes
From Hesper's prophet-mantle sprung,

And gave my soul a splendid dream,
Of lovelier lands and holier shrines,
Where fadeless by the crystal stream
The Eternal Sun of Glory shines.

As oft the heart awakes anew
When all its spring-time joys have flown,
So on that radiant rose-tree grew
A flower that blooms to shine alone.

So when the autumn days have fled
And winter chills the solemn night,
The vision of that royal red
Will wake the joys that know no blight.

Then let our souls serenely smile,
When years of youth and beauty flee,
For late upon this frozen isle
Will bloom the gladness of the free.

And woman's soul the heights shall climb,
The sun of truth, unveiled, disclose,
And nurture on the shores of time,
Heaven's latest, love-distilling rose.

I LOVE THE OLD.

I love the old,
Who look back on life's path of shade and blessing,
Whose care in homes of comfort and caressing,
Can ne'er be told.

I love the old,
For their kind thoughts and gentle accents spoken,
For bread to hungry hearts, so gently broken,—
I love the old.

I love the old,
Who with dear friends by death have often parted,
For all their grief in hours so heavy hearted,—
I greet the old.

I love the old,
For memory, like a gentle guardian angel
Is the sweet minister and blest evangel,
Their souls to hold.

I bless the old,
Who on some morn or night in the near morrow
Will pass away beyond this world of sorrow
To realms untold.

I see the old,
When death's kind warning makes my soul se-
rener,
Opening the gates to pastures calm and greener.
In that sweet fold.

CHOCORUA UNVEILED.

The haze has flown and to my sight
Thy form, Chocorua, is unveiled,
Above thy opalescent height
The fair, cerulean heaven paled
When morn thy splendor hailed.

Thy swelling breast a mantle wears
All quivering with translucent dyes;
The rainbow round the seraph-stairs
Dissolved her three-fold azure dyes
To clothe thee like the skies.

The gems that sparkle on thy breast,
The diamond and the moon-stone fair,
The morning planet late caressed
When gathered from the fields of air
The zephyrs brought them there.

And when the sun those colors bore
From realms aerial, far away,
The poet's fairest mountain wore
The garments that a perfect day
Borrows from radiant May.

And on that light-embellished head
Shines forth a diadem of gold,
More precious than when monarchs wed
They bring, with treasures rare and old
Where first their love they told.

And while Chocorua rises proud
Among full many a mountain steep,
Above him sails the snow-white cloud,
Beneath him, silver-waters keep
Their crystal mirror deep;

All perfect as Apollo stands,
While round him Grecian mountains rise
Where beauty rules the poet-lands,
And where the Vale of Tempe lies,
The gate of Paradise.

And Iris, hastening from the shore,
Where amethystine waters play
And emerald billows break and roar,
Is hastening from the salt-sea spray,
To fling her rainbow ray.

To blend with all the colors clear,
That quiver on Chocorua's breast,
So ere shall dawn the perfect year,
To our rapt vision will appear,
The mountain of the blest!

THE MORNING STAR OF JUNE.

Star of Day—thou gem of dawning,
Heralding a glorious morning,—
That pure shining ends my dreaming,
From the orient heaven streaming.

When thy day-beam, chaos routed,
All the sons of morning shouted,
For the light, translucent, golden,
Was by seraphim beholden.

Diamond light—the scene divinest
When, transfiguring earth, thou shinest,
Still by veiled stars attended,
Pale with awe at sight so splendid.

Star of morn, thy crown imperial,
Shining from the realms ethereal,
Wakes the eyes of beauty's daughters,
Blue as hyacinthine waters.

Long before Aurora, glancing,
Sets the rosy vapors dancing,
Ere the crystal dawn appearing
Pictures all the sunrise nearing.

Morning star, thy gems celestial,
Crowned the holiest queens terrestrial,—
Beatricé, heaven-appointed,
Mary, mother of the Anointed.

Now a cloud thy radiance covers
From the gaze of mortal lovers,
Else too soon they would surrender
Earth, for heaven's supernal splendor.

HUMMING-BIRD IN AN OLD GARDEN.

Bird of the diamond wing,
Poised on the air,
Thou fair, ethereal thing,
None that can fly or sing,
With thee compare.

To the old garden bowers
I saw thee fly,
And all its fairest flowers
Quivered, like hearts of ours,
When Love is nigh.

I saw thee sip the dew
That buds distill,
When morning, ever new,
Dawns on the crystal blue
And gilds the hill.

I heard a thrilling sound,
That was not song,
Telling that thou wert drowned
In joy, that floats around
When life is strong.

O then I saw thee start
And vanish, free,
As Cuban fire-flies dart
Far from the city's heart
By field and sea.

AN ILLUMINATION BY THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

Look, what glad light of varying glow
 Illumes fair Haverhill's mart,
And makes the river's sunset flow
 Seem cold as winter's heart!

The sapphire shades and ruby bright
 Make all the darkness fly;
The fire-ball with its meteor light
 Sails on the still air high.

All colors from the fountain rill
 Are floating, flying there
As when the Auroral streamers thrill
 The magnet poles of air.

O phalanx grand, fraternal band,
 With joy in every soul,
Send greeting o'er Columbia's land
 As ocean billows roll.

See from afar our brothers meet,
 From the red fields of Mars;
Like festive bands through Roman streets
 They bear the flaming stars.

From Bradford lands to Salisbury Sands,
 O'er hill and vale and lea,
The Essex clans pour out their bands,
 The children of the free.

From Newburyport the flambeaux come,
The lights from Newbury hills,
From Groveland shore they beat the drum,
They march from Lawrence mills.

And when October's flame shall fade,
And Haverhill streets can rest,
May all the cheers for Freedom made
Re-echo from the west.

"SLOW UP THE SLOPE OF OSSIPEE."

—*Whittier.*

O what a stretch of wonderland,
Old Ossipee;
A height uprising from the strand
I faintly see.

Clothed in the lilac light of June
The woodland steep
Is sleeping in the summer noon,
Ere breezes sweep

Along the bright lake's silver swell,
Scattering the haze
That hides the rock and forest dell
From mortal gaze,

Save that a line in cloud-land high
Marks Ossipee—
A rampart bold that seeks the sky
When winds blow free.

Haste noon of June, and let me view
That sylvan height,
As once when autumn skies were blue
With crystal light,

I saw the crimson and the gold,
A picture fair
Of late September, wide unrolled
In splendor there,

Till crowned Chocorua, peering round
One view to take,
Looked down upon enchanted ground
And sapphire lake.

O then, some tuneful naiad came
From yon clear stream,
And sung of one beloved name
To haunt my dream.

With his own songs who oft was charmed
By this loved land,
Beholding with a soul encalmed
This Beulah bland,

While not a passion-ripple moved
His spirit clear
To whom the Eternal Goodness proved
A shield from fear,

Who dreamed of his own Merrimack
With vision free,
And sung its bold and beauteous track
Down to the sea,

And life's long journey past the grove
And mountain shrine,
Guided by nature's heart of love
To realms divine.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

I dreamed of the sea, the wild, wild sea
And the sound of the ocean's roar
Where the waves came dressed in a foamy crest,
And broke on a shining shore,

And my heart beat high as I turned my eye
On the waters far away.
And my soul grew wild like a restless child
At the sight of the salt sea spray.

I sat awhile on a granite pile,
Where the billows from afar
Came up with a shock to the dauntless rock
With the sound of a mighty war.

How the foam-flakes flew as the waters blue
By the ocean caves ran round,
And leaping, played in a wild cascade
With a soul-reviving sound.

What joy was mine at the sun's decline
When the bright beams touched the wave,
To watch the glows of a thousand bows
That the soul of the rainbow gave.

I dreamed of the isles, the purple isles
That doze on the dimpled main,
Where the sea-birds go on a wing of snow
To an unmolested reign.

I saw the sail like a spirit pale,
On the line of the distant deep,
And the bark near by swung soothingly,
To my soul, in a softening sleep.

Then I heard the chimes from the far-off climes
By the west-wind borne along,
And the mermaids sung and the sea-caves rung
With a soul-enchanting song,

And my dream of the sea, the wide, wide sea
Grew soft as a summer's sleep;
I saw no path of the storm-king's wrath
On the face of the smiling deep,

And I long for the wave, the rolling wave,
I sigh for the salt-sea shore;
My soul grows wild like a restless child
For the sound of the ocean's roar.

THE STARTLED FAWN, A STEAM YACHT.

(Scene from Salisbury Shore, Massachusetts.)

We listen to the chanting roar,
Of the Atlantic Main;
The waves are rolling on the shore,
But the bright billows, tossed no more,
Are calm as summer rain.

The North-Shore sleeps in dreamy rest,
Fair Hampton lies in light;
The sails that gem the ocean's breast
Wait for the breezes of the west
And rising tides of night.

But see, a speck—a tiny spar
Out where the dark sea rolls,—
We watch it, gliding fast and far
From where all night the changing star
Shines from the Isles of Shoals.

Haste—bring the glass to aid the sight—
Now we shall know no fears,
For with her steady, arrowy flight
Before the coming of the night
The Startled Fawn appears.

How well she rides the boundless blue,
And cuts the flying foam;
Until, her union flags in view,
O'er leagues of sea, she leaps, all true,
And nears her river home.

May never storm nor cruel blast
Roll o'er her as she flies;
When life's short day shall hasten past,
May every soul she bears, at last
Be safe in Paradise.

GLAD LIFE.

Glad life, I love thee,
Like gems I cherish every passing hour;
The fields around me and the skies above me,
The whispering zephyrs and the answering flower
Restore my waning power.

I count each season,
While from life's mountain-top around I gaze,
As one more gift of God, a blessed season
For orisons of prayer and songs of praise
Through all my golden days.

But on that morrow
When light must fade and life-blood cease to flow,
I shall resign thee with no shade of sorrow
And smile but one farewell before I go
From realms that mortals know:

Then onward flying
From tangled paths that I shall tread no more,
My soul, heaven's clearer sunrise soon descrying,
Renewed and freed, will reach another shore
With endless life before!

THE DEAD UPON THE WAVE.

Whose body floated on the tide
At Salisbury Beach to-day?
Whose cold white hands were spreading wide
As when at last on earth he sighed,
His spirit sought to pray?

Whose son or brother wakes no more,
When morning is begun,—
Whose eye from this familiar shore
Looks not again when day is o'er
Upon the setting sun?

What sudden strife, what swift alarm
Till death his pillow smoothed,—
Alone yet not alone in calm,
The harp of nature swelled the psalm
That his sad spirit soothed.

His guardian angel gently met
His soul, all freed from fears,
And crowned him with the violet,
More precious than the coronet
Bedewed by mortal tears,—

For who upon the earth so dear,
That when his life shall end,
Has none to wait with welcome dear,
To lead him to a holier sphere
And call him loved and friend!

If wrong or folly marred his life,
God grant, the struggle done,
An end be to th' unequal strife,—
Heard be the prayer of child or wife
That endless peace be won.

These haunts still shine with love and pride,
And health and pleasure fair;
The young, the old, the loved, the bride
Walk joyous by the changing tide
To breathe the ocean air.

The sand is marked by thousand feet
Of friends and children dear;
Forth from the farm, and still retreat,
And from the mart and sounding street
Our people wander here.

September days will bring the throng
From every hill and dell,
Alike the gentle and the strong
Will crowd old Salisbury, far along,
To bid the sea farewell.

The unseen souls may seek the shore,—
May look with rapture wild,
If they are free when pain is o'er,
And hear above the Atlantic's roar,
The voice of friend or child.

And I will think of one who passed
Without a dirge or prayer,
Save chantings of the sighing blast,
Till waiting angels bore at last
His soul to clearer air.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The Falls of Niagara are rolling and roaring,
And sounding forever their anthem sublime,
Like the might of the floods of a planet, out-pour-
ing,
As when were ingathered the waves of the time
When lands were uplifted, and yawning asunder
The canyons were cleft by the earthquake's loud
jar,
And the scrolls of the cloud-land re-echoed the
thunder
And the waves of the earth-land retreated afar:
Then pale fled in terror each vanishing star
When flaming volcanoes illumined the mountains
Where rivers now flow from their opaline foun-
tains.

Now when the great cataract startles the day,
Floats Iris, the child of the sun and the spray,
And majesty dwells where beauty holds sway.
Then the voice of the water grows sweet, as afar
Was the song of the morn on the seraphim-star,
For the æons that roll and the growth of the soul

Are traced on the rocks as the word on a scroll,
And the ages long passed and the future of time,
And the now of our spirits are blending their
chime

With the hymn of the spheres, that pæan of might
Which sounded to man, far back in the night,—
The call unto life and to joy and to light!

NIGHT, HASTENING FROM THE LAKE.

Was it the soul of night
That charmed my rapturous sight
Or coming morn, entranced, beyond the wave?
The crescent moon shone clear,
The ethereal atmosphere
Was pure with breezes that September gave.

Orion led the band
That lit the shadowy land;
The royal planets shone on golden throne,
And all the adoring stars
Illumed their crystal bars
Till darkness fled and splendor reigned alone.

The auroral, boreal arch
Shone as in nights of March
That southern skies might shadow back the
gleams,
Vieing with Dian clear,
And diamond dawning near,
And twilight suns o'er Scandinavian streams.

I saw the mountain lake
The living picture take,
Till glowed the heavens with light translucent
clear,
That no man's hand may trace,
Imperial halls to grace
As earth's grand dream till opening heaven draws
near.

THE RAINBOW ISLAND.

Far o'er the fair azure where clouds without measure

Lie low on the line of the soft swelling blue,
Where morn will awaken the lilies, balm-shaken,
Behold a new island, spread out to the view.

O'erhung with pure color, with shading no duller
Than the fountains of youth in the southern
sea islands,

Where Iris now lingers with gems on her fingers
That light the sweet air on the pearl-shadowed
highlands.

No rainbows come sparkling from shadow-clouds
darkling,

Transfused by Apollo to diamonds impearled,
No foam-bells ascending with sun-rays are blending,

To wreath with a rainbow the visible world.

No cataract falling o'er caverns appalling,
Throws up its clear emeralds where Undine still
slumbers,
To be woven by sunlight or frozen by moonlight,
For a choir where the sirens can sing their wild
numbers.

Yet an island of vision, ethereal, elysian,
Far out on the silver, unclosed its pearl-portals
That memory may borrow new joy for the mor-
row,
And the Spirit may picture the home of immor-
tals.

THE THREE-FOLD BLUE.

The blue above the clouds, so calmly sailing,
Is crystalline as on a morn of May;
Long have our eyes looked heavenward unavail-
ing,
To see such pure cerulean deck the day.

Hail hyaline, thy wind-swept dome of azure
Shines on unnumbered eyes upturned to thee;
Art thou the realm of summer's latest pleasure
Or of the advancing autumn, bold and free!

Thou sea-blue lake, a dream of fair September
Mingles thy flood with amethystine dye,
Deepening the softer hues that we remember,
Imperial June brought back, when wandering by

She spread her veil of hyacinthine splendor
Over the sky, the lake, the mountain-steep;
Hues like the hill-side violet, soft and tender
As infant's eyes when they awake from sleep.

Thou gem-blue mountains, where the shadows
ranging,
Chased by the breezes of ethereal air,
Make pictures of the clouds, forever changing
Like nature's soul that shines forever there.

So ever-varying is the land of vision
When dreams half-picture in the star-lit night
The sapphire fountains and the bowers elysian
Of regions fading in the morning light.

THE CLOUD-CHILD.

I saw the empress of the night
Majestic, mount the evening sky;
She bathed the earth in splendor bright,
The heavens with gold and silver dye,
And every star due homage gave
While trembling on the ethereal wave.

I saw the fleecy clouds of snow
Sail from the north, the south, the west,
To catch one ray of jasper-glow
From regal Dian's diamond breast;
One little cloud, the faintest there,
Was to my raptured eye most fair.

It floated on, the form grew clear,
It was the image of my boy,
Slow sailing through the heavenly sphere
On wings of wild, seraphic joy;
Away from me and toward the skies
He turned his love-illuminated eyes.

Near by th' enamored moon he flew,
A halo lit his golden curls,
Along the soft, celestial blue
He sought the sunset gate of pearls;
The angels opened the crystal bars
And bade him pass beyond the stars.

I sought my baby in his bed;
He slept as sleeps a sinless child;
He felt my tears upon his head,
Unclosed his hazel eyes and smiled,
Then clasped his hands upon his breast,
And hied him to his blissful rest:

But oft I dream by night and day,
That angels call my only one,
And bring him wings to fly away,
And lead him up beyond the sun,
Far from a household hushed and lone,
Unto the everlasting throne.

BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Where art thou, far in space,
Beautiful boy!

Time never can erase
The rapture of thy face,
The vision of thy grace,
O beautiful boy.

Though on this earthly shore
By death long parted,
We dwell, O nevermore
As in the days of yore,
Upon our happy shore,
I, braver-hearted,

My life more dear will hold
For that brief joy,
When fast the seasons rolled
And love the hours controlled,
With blessings, manifold,
Most beautiful boy.

A DREAM OF MY INFANTS.

I dreamed of my infants, the lovely, the tender,
I felt the soft touch of their pearl-tinted hands;
I lived once again in that region of splendor
When my life was surrounded by cherubim
bands.

I dreamed of the time when I lived in the birth-
land
Of love and of trust, of a fond mother's bliss;
O happiest kingdom in all the wide earth-land
When nectar-aroma is breathed in a kiss

From tenderest infancy, spotless and rarest,
From beings who never have lived but to love;
From heaven-breathing cherubs, the golden-haired,
 fairest,
Who visit our planet from mansions above.

I dreamed of my infants, my dear ones, I trow not
If those who as brave ones now wander afar,
Or whether the spirits came hither, I know not,
Of those who have fled to some seraphim-star;

But the moment was golden and holy the vision
When I entered the rainbow-lit portals of splen-
 dor,
And wandered with memory, through gardens
 elysian,
To dream of my infants, the loving, the tender.

SONNETS.

I.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

Oft have I sailed when summer morning bland
Poured on the Haverhill hills her rays of gold,
Where lovely shores their harmony unfold,
And when I reached old Newbury's native land
I bowed my head as with an upraised hand,
I saw a burial ground, remote and old,
And one gray monument the story told
Where I shall lie when kindred round me stand.

My father and my mother silent lie,
Yet say,—come hither when, life's journey o'er,
That morning breaks when spirit leaves the sod:
Here where life dawned, as gently lay it by
As yonder stream flows on this earthly shore,
To that which lights the City of our God.

II.

BEAUTIFUL SISTER.

Tread soft,—speak low, I had a precious guest,
This morn at daybreak she came near to me;—
A score of years ago I wept for thee,
Beautiful sister, when I wildly pressed
A rain of kisses on thy marble breast,—
Now thou hast been so lately clear to see
That still thy presence fills with gladness free
My lonely room, by summer winds caressed.

Thy smile was ever bright with joy supreme,—
A conqueror now o'er care and pain and blight,
Beautiful one, O stay or come once more!
Be this a dream, thank God for such a dream,
But say, O say, before thy heavenward flight
When I may join thee on that peaceful shore!

III.

NIGHT AND DREAMS.

I gazed upon my loved ones in my dreams
When star-eyed Night had passed the zenith high,
And Dian, down the sleep-enchanted sky
Sunk low, and threw her opalescent gleams

Upon the lonely, shore-enshadowed streams,
And my rapt spirit passed the border nigh
The ethereal land unseen by earthly eye,
Between what we behold and that which seems.

For slumber ranges o'er that jasper bar
Where oft the living seek the spirit band,
And as of old, the love illumined forms
Pass through the gates of pearl to earth's lone
star,
Bringing sweet airs from the immortal strand
Beyond the cold, the darkness and the storms.

IV.

THE INEVITABLE.

My life is hastening on, I reef my sail
And drift along, guided by Sovereign Will—
Not mine but that which bids the waves be still
Or winds to blow for those who speed or fail.
I stay my hands, my strength will not avail,
As when in youth by every sparkling rill
I sought the fertile fields of earth to fill
With flowers and fruitage from hope's Eden dale.

Whate'er of disappointment, sorrow, woe,
Of absence, silence, hunger of the heart
For those, the loved and lost, my sad soul feels,
It is life's panorama, moving slow,
My destiny, from every mind apart,
The Inevitable, to which my spirit kneels.

PARTING OF THE SISTERS.

Three sisters, soon to sail on life's broad sea
Smile, for they know not what it is to part,—
One goes where winter flings his icy dart
Near where sublime Niagara thunders free;
One where Mount Hood, beyond the western lea,
Dreams of far Shasta, with his snowy heart;
One, to a famed Atlantic city's mart,
To learn how lonely sundered souls can be.

No more a sunny home with music wild
Rouses the glad sound of the tripping feet,
Safe from the cold world's dark and stormy space;
Heaven gave one gift to each fair, summer child,
One has true love, one dark-eyed beauty sweet
And one, a lofty soul and gentle grace.

THE CHILDREN WITH THE DRYADS.

Julia and Josie came from school,
Worn by the long day's silent spell,
So weary of the lengthened rule
That fast their trembling tear-drops fell.

The sun was red, the day was warm,
And silent flowed the dreaming tide,
To lovely childhood's face or form,
No vigorous breeze, new life supplied.

I told them tales and kissed each cheek,
And brought them fruit from southern glades;
No joyous words that I could speak
Kindled the smiles of my sweet maids.

The violet haze veiled all the ways,
Till Haverhill seemed a far-off dream,
As when on Indian Summer days
The golden mist enthralls the stream.

No robin piped his merry strain;
The elms their drooping branches kept
As still as on the painted main
The painted sail at sunset slept.

No wonder that my gentle girls
In lassitude no pastime knew;
O'er lily brows hung soft brown curls,
Where listless drooped, brown eyes, and blue.

But soon the tears were brushed away,—
They softly asked with brightening smile,
“May we go to the woods and play?”
“O, yes,” I cried, “a little while.”

They soon came back with cheeks rose-bright,
And arms outstretched in glad surprise,
And Julia in her hand, snow-white,
Brought me her prize with merry eyes,—

A dry old stick from off the ground,
But on its withered bark was spread
The fair cup-moss, in wonder found,
A type of beauty, coral-red.

Waked by the winds that chanting rave
When snows their living crystals fling,
The scarlet bloom an emblem gave
To mark the glad return of spring.

And Josie in her soft hand, brought
The arbutus, with fragrant flowers,
A dream of coming summer, fraught
With tidings from the Eden bowers.

What words the woods had chanted wild,
What tales the coral mosses tell,
How the sweet blossoms charmed the child,
I could not tell the woodland spell,

But O, the dreaming Dryads knew
Who woke the children's sunny smiles,
As when beneath the ethereal blue
They dwelt in Grecian woodland isles.

Then let me seek the grove and find
The fountain of perpetual spring;
Dull languor chains my spell-bound mind
And fancy trails her weary wing;

I long to go where night-dews weep,
And leave their blessings on the sod,
While waiting angels guard our sleep
And whisper dreams that come from God,

Then when the morning sunbeams play
And winds of April softly swell,
Fair mosses spread their emerald way
Around the trees where Dryads dwell.

But hark, the wood-nymphs whisper low,
Their voices haunt the rising breeze,—
“We live to make the children grow
While dwelling midst the waving trees,

“We watch the glad ones while they laugh,
In gathering up their woodland prize,
We breathe upon their curls, and quaff
The sunlight from their sparkling eyes.”

Ah me! the woods are far too fair
For one, a wanderer, marching slow,
But let me bless the Dryads' care
That brings the loved ones, beauty's glow,
And life's renewing rapture-flow.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE POET MOORE.

[A statue of Moore represents him with an un-written scroll in his hand, listening to spirit-music to awake the genius of song.]

O poet of my youth, I see thee stand
With eyes all passion-rapt and listening ear,

Thy finger pointing to the home divine,
The zenith-dome of heavenly hyaline
That vibrates with the spirit-notes, all grand,
Or sighs, with sound like spring-time's gentle tears
When wild woods whisper thoughts of other years,
Or echo with the songs of unseen spheres.
Thy scroll unopened lies within thy hand
Whereon sweet notes of beauty soon shall glow,
The types of all melodious things below
From lay of love to spirit-anthem grand.

Let Ireland's golden harp be tuned, as then,
And her green flag wave joyous o'er the free,
Till Persia's rose of youth shall bloom again,
And fair Britannia o'er the Irish Sea
Shall shout to castled Wales and wake the glen,
Till love's refrains shall echo to the west
From orient lands and Araby the blest.
Then sing the song of Oman's moonlit sea,
Of Syrian mosque and Peri's Paradise,
Of every land beloved by minstrelsy,
Where young love lights the day with beaming
 eyes,
And the last rose of summer blooms and dies!

"THE MONUMENT."

(HENRY WARD BEECHER IN ENGLAND.)

After the Swiss Guards, armed with valor, stood
When rained the storm of battle on the throne,

And drained the crimson tide of their own blood,
Great genius told the story in the stone,
And hence the traveler of all time will turn
Unto the Lion of Lucerne,
Where in the mountain-side, Thorwaldsen's power
Carved record of that hour.

What monument shall love and genius gain
For thee, lone patriot of the western main
Who, when the tidal wave of carnage rose
And beat on brothers turned to foes,
Stood on Britannia's ancient ground,
And with thy spirit-power
And help divine that hour
Held before England's vision, clear,
Columbia's triumph near,
And her late child of destiny
Holding the torch of Liberty,—
So soon to be
Loved by Victoria, queen of all the free!

A LAMENT FOR EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WRITTEN IN 1855, AT GROVELAND, MASS.

Woe for thy tragic doom,
Thou star of glory set in shades of night;
The wailing winds that haunt thy lonely tomb
Breathe, sadly breathe thy tale of early blight,
Quenched is thy glorious eye's resplendent light,

Hushed is the voice that swayed the listening
crowd,

Cold is the kingly brow of marble white,
Low lies the martial form, so nobly proud,—
Wail on, ye storm-winds wail and chant his dirge
aloud.

Woe for thy shattered lyre:
The soul that sorrowing earth bewailed so young
Glowed with a poet's glad, ecstatic fire,
And high and sweet, those numbers wildly sung,
Through fair Columbia's realms melodious
rung:
Fame's clarion voice charmed not thy soul to rest;
The lofty songs that trembled on thy tongue
Soothed not thy worn and passion-haunted breast
Nor won sweet, holy peace for thy abiding guest.

Thy genius, weird and strange,
Strove to portray Creation's earliest years,
And loved through earth's grim ghastly realms
to range,
To trace the deepest woes and darkest fears,
And dream thy tales of anguish and of tears;
To tell of secret crime and dungeon gloom,
Of black despair, of horror's awful spheres,
Of haunted hearts where gladness could not
bloom,
And struggling life confined in death's revolting
tomb.

Woe for thy lonely life:
Thick clouds of sorrow dimmed thy sunless day;
Wan spectral forms of want and woe and strife
Haunted thy path, and quenched hope's rising ray,
And clothed thy midnight dreams with dark dismay:
Thy soul sat lone upon a desert shore
And listless, saw thy pleasure drift away
To vanish, like the loved and lost Lenore,
While madness mocked the waves that far thy
treasures bore.

Woe for thy early grave,—
Would that thy spirit's flashing meteor-fire
Had glowed a guiding star on life's dark wave
To rouse the voyager's heart with pure desire,—
That heavenly joy had waked thy wondrous
lyre;
Then had'st thou dwelt by sweet Siloam's rill
And soared on spirit-wings that could not tire,
And sung so sweet, that nature, listening still,
Might hear the strains resound from every joyous
hill.

HOW BEAUTIFUL.

How beautiful is rest,
After the long and wearying day of care,
When motionless the fervid summer air,
To feel that toil and striving all are done,
To watch the field and stream at set of sun,—
Type of that land by every nation blest,
How beautiful is rest.

How beautiful is sleep,—
After the fever leaves the throbbing veins
To close the eyes, tended by fond love's pains,
And from the haunting visions of the day,
Into the land of dreams to glide away
Where memories of fond youth their visions
keep,—

How beautiful is sleep.

How beautiful is love;
The heart that beats in sympathy with thine,
The smile that lights the earth with rays divine,
The songs that soothe the soul in pain and woe,
The hand that clasps thine own when hot tears
flow,
The tender tones, like music from above,—
How beautiful is love.

How beautiful is hope;
When breaking storm-clouds show the blue-sky
rifts,
After the snow melts and the vapor lifts,
When spring is here, and the white dove comes
near,
To dwell with us, type of the Spirit dear,
When rainbow colors crown life's mountain slope,
How beautiful is hope.

How beautiful are tears,—
Not those that tell of scornèd love's surprise,
Not even drops that gem fond youth's dear eyes,

Nor those that dew the lone and silent grave
Where time to grief its balm of healing gave,
But when sweet patience smiles on blighted years,
How beautiful are tears.

How beautiful was peace;
When brothers met in strife that foes abhor
On crimson fields of internecine war,
When fond hearts bled far o'er a shuddering land
While brave souls fled to join the seraph band;
When triumph tones proclaimed that war might
cease

How beautiful was peace.

How beautiful is death:
After all toil and care and pain are o'er
To close the eyes upon this earthly shore,
Followed by memories of undying love,
Welcomed by guardian angels from above,
How tranquil to resign this laboring breath;
How beautiful is death:

THE DIVINE FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE.

If we might know
What power creates, sustains,
From what mysterious fountains flow
Into the realms of time and space,
Over the visual plains,
Through nature's vast domains,
The streams that angels may not trace,
Then might we go
On through the earth's Sahara plains
Forgetting care and woe.

From evermore
Exists the life from which we came,
And whether on this planet-shore
We dwell, humanity among,
Or cross that sea without a shore,
By winds of destiny outflung
Where spirit sprung,
Nearer the sun of nature's flame,
Great Power, thou art the same.

O that the soul
Regardless of all earthly time,
So called while centuries unroll,
Might view her own supernal clime
Traced on the empyreal scroll,
And hear the echoes of the chime,
Almighty One, whilst thou
Strikest the horologue sublime
Of the Eternal Now!

ROGER WOLCOTT, EX-GOVERNOR OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

THE FLOWER OF MANHOOD'S PRIME.

O Death, who walk'st unseen, an angel still,
Couldst thou not spare this flower of manhood's
prime
Till age might chant the anthems low, sublime,
Along his journey to the heavenly hill,

While yet that soul, with light, the land might fill
When bells of freedom sound in pæan-chime,
To welcome in the century's years of time
With thoughts as sweet as summer's mountain
rill!

Old Massachusetts mourns, and Boston height
Will point to him, her honored chiefs among,
And memory picture him, 'neath golden dome,
And by the fields when pageants pass in sight—
In the old church where Sabbath psalms are sung,
And more inviolate far—in that sad home.

THE CRYSTAL ARCH.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

On a large pane, in winter's frosty morn,
While the new century, opening wide its gate
Swung to the tide of time its journey great
I saw an arch, with gems fit to adorn
Some conqueror, when the bannered hosts were
drawn

To bear him grandly on in royal state,
Or when Orion leads his hosts at dawn
Till hastens fast the day, inviolate.

Then swift my thoughts beyond the ocean sped
Where prelates, conquerors, kings, bore on, so late,
By waters where the ships of war sailed grand,
The Queen, unto the archway of the dead,
From earth's high throne, to seek her spirit's mate
And dwell with him in the supernal land.

OUR COUNTRY.

Dear country 'tis for thee,
And for thy liberty,
Our sad tears fall,
And for our Leader slain,
Who loved not worldly gain,
Ere life was in the wane,
On death did call.

As when the Savior prayed,
For man in sin's dark shade,
And pardon won,
When by caress betrayed,
A martyr he was made,
And in the tomb was laid,
Though God's own Son.

So our dear martyr died,
By suffering sanctified,
When all was night,
That human souls may know
How gentle spirits go
Where healing waters flow
In regions bright.

"Forgive—forgive," he cried,
As said the Crucified,—
"It is God's way;"
Then plumed his wings to fly;
Then said his last good-by,
And closed his loving eye
On earth's dark day.

But if our country, rent
With war or punishment
Shall call on God,
His soul will join the prayer
From realms of holier air
In lands serene and fair,
Beyond the sod.

Then list and hear the band
Of angels where they stand,
With him above,
Joining in harmony
That song of liberty,—
Free Country, it is thee
Our spirits love!

THE END.

